

# DAVEZINE



## IN CASE YOU ARE WONDERING...

If by some chance you are reading this and didn't know Dave, you might be wondering why is there a whole zine dedicated to one dude, and if you are reading this and you did know Dave, you are probably wondering how there could only be one zine about him. When I set out to collect some Dave stories, I knew this would be a hard task, not because any of us lack Dave stories, but the opposite problem. Dave was such a big part of our lives that most of our stories are at least partially Dave stories, even when he isn't present for the actual story, his influence can be felt strongly.

Dave was a funny, smart, stubborn, kind, friendly, infuriating, wonderful, brave amazing human being. To me the only way to make the passing of someone like Dave is to make something physical and permanent. When you have someone like Dave who touched so many people's life in a positive way, losing that force in the world needs to be marked by something physical to represent the huge impact he had on all of us who knew him. So here we are with DAVEZINE.

In early 1990s something Jay Hudak and I saw a friendly looking dude wearing a shirt of a band we didn't like, and being the sort of snobby shits we were, we felt bad for him, bad enough that we felt we needed to befriend him. It turned out he was way cooler and friendlier than he had even seemed. In the years that came after that he ended up becoming more than a dude we felt bad for, he became a fairly constant traveling companion, a roommate (both of us being hard to live with, and the ways we are hard to live being super incompatible, this was a failure), a bandmate multiple times, a verbal sparring partner, and most importantly one of the best friends anyone could ever hope to have.



I almost killed him twice, not in the "I'm going to kill you" anger way (that would probably be a couple hundred times), but more in the physical danger kind of way. Once by almost falling asleep on the turnpike on the way to a show in Philly and another time by hitting a wall by doing a thing Jay and I called "off roading" where we veer my 86 Chevy Citation off the road and hitting a small wall. We lucked out and only got a flat tire, which both our incompetent asses stood around and watched Dave change.

Dave could push buttons like only someone who you really share a deep love with could. We would argue and needle each other like what I would call brothers, but lots of other people would say was like "an old married couple. The thing that drove me the most nuts about these exchanges was how easy it was for him to piss me off and how hard it was for me to piss him off. Dave was unfuckingflappable I only really got him two or three times decades ago, but I still look back and feel a bit proud about them.

He was a really great drummer that I was lucky to play with in two bands. He was there when the guy recording the We Hate Everyone demo threatened me when I joked about conquering New York, and when WHE played in a barn, and my favorite place we played, inside a backyard wrestling ring. He was on drums when Murder! Riot! Fight! played a cover set of Suicidal Tendencies and when Pat and I made up the "don't put your dick in the sleeve" song. He was there, nonstop playing the drums even when everyone

really wanted him to stop (I think this is a drummer thing, I've heard it's common)

We went on so many adventures together, from him snoring so loud as to wake up Jay so Jay would wake me up in the Van at columbus fest in 1998, to when we followed Japanese hardcore heroes Forward around for 3 shows and saw the most hateful ground-hog ever.

We went through a phase where he would pick me up every day and we would go mallratting, other normal people would only mallrat on weekends, but not Dave and I, we were 6 day a week mallrats! Once I was getting yelled at by a mallcop and everyone else ran off while it was happening, but Dave came back and gave the mallcop shit. That's the kind of dude Dave was, the kind that would give a mallcop shit for you. Dave was one of the bravest people I know and was never afraid to give someone shit if he felt they deserved shit, no matter how big or scary they seemed.

He could be notoriously stubborn, when we were roommates we had a dish war. I refused to do the dishes because I was the only one who had a job, and he refused to do the dishes because he would only do his dishes. I got to the point where I would only eat things that could be cooked and eaten on a paper towel. The immovable object of his stubbornness only matched the irresistible force of my laziness, the dishes only ended up getting done when our friends Don and Amber spent the night at our apartment while we out of town and couldn't take the smell and general grossness.

I could go on and on here, but you get the idea, and I get that this zine will be filled with inside jokes/stories and that most of you won't catch all of them, but that's the way it is with someone who is that much a part of your life.

I'm going to miss you Dave. I hope you get to go to all the places you wanted to visit and pet all the weird animals you wanted to keep as pets in some metaphysical way. I hope you gain all the random knowledge you were always trying to horde (including the knowledge that I was right a good percent of the time when we argued about stupid bullshit...okay I probably wasn't right half as much as I think I was.). I hope you are in a place that is cool enough for you so you don't need to leave your air conditioner on 24 hours a day from February to December. If there is a way we get to hang out again I hope there is a shitty bronco and cool places to go, and I'll try not to fall asleep on the turnpike this time. I'll love and miss you forever.

-Elliott Elliott

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## 3 FUN DAVE FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW!



-He once wrote an inflammatory email to the Icee Corporation because he disagreed with the portrayal of the snow boarding polar bear depicted on the cup.

-He loved Flan and would order it whenever given the opportunity.

-He claimed that he was working on a novel about Civil War vampires and that he had several chapters completed.

-Jamie Yokavonis

# PASSPORT

So 2016 went through hell and high water to help Dave get a passport. He tried back I want to say between the years 2007-2009 and the department of state said no way. He gave up So we applied in 2016 and rejected again! So they gave us options of additional proofs we could send as his Social Security Card, Birth Certificate, Driver License was not good enough. One of the key options were prior high school records and religious records. So he objects to the religious records of course.... so I sigh and say we need to call Pittston area and get your 9-12 records

So the high school records arrive. He hands me them. I yell out loud” Dave we are trying to get you a passport not on a permanent do not allow this person to leave the US list.” I said to him”

I can’t submit these!” Your 10th grade year you missed 92 days of school your highest grades are D’s, F’s, & I’s.” His response “ Street Fighter II came out that year.” So eventually we got the religious records and he got the passport

- Simone Louise

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## NEW BEDFORD



I’m sitting in Key West, Florida on a bit of a retreat, seeking refuge from the holiday madness & enjoying some solitude & reflection during the season. During my daily distance runs I’ve given a lot of thought to narrowing down a favorite of some of my many memories I have of Dave throughout the years. It’s a bit of a daunting process because Dave was a key player in the cast of characters I spent my formative “subcultural years” traveling to shows & sharing stages with. He was a staple of the Gieda house & our infamous “burrito nights” (aka: the hardcore/punk show afterparty at my mom & dad’s place in Trucksville). He hung at the Wyoming

Valley mall compulsively with the rest of us, making rounds & socializing in the rare absence of a show to attend. He played in a slew of bands I frequently saw, performed with & booked. He lived at the Mercer Avenue house, which was arguably NEPA’s first “punk house,” where we all enjoyed the nearly constant dual-floor/apartment party that happened there. He was present at personal & intimate sort of events in my life like seeing my brother, Brian graduate high school (which there is a lovely picture of floating around somewhere)...

But enough digression! My fondest memory of Dave is that of a travel partner. From my late teens into my early 20’s prior to leaving NEPA, I can recount scores of scenarios being with Dave in some dilapidated barely-roadworthy vehicle, risking life & limb to get to some show in some godforsaken enclave on the eastern seaboard. We piled a dozen kids into a Frankensteined van of the Harry’s U-Pull-It variety & b-lined down 95 to see a



fest in Gainesville. We rode his Bronco to see a Warped Tour in Asbury at the Stone Pony where we saw Youth of Today do an impromptu reunion, we got so unbelievably lost on the way home, the sun was well up by the time we rolled into the valley. We saw shows in Syracuse at the Lost Horizon, we traveled to Philly & Stroudsburg countless times for shows.

But out of all these memories with Dave & friends, the pinnacle was my first voyage with him: northbound to New Bedford Festival. It must have been 1996? 1997? The line up of this festival was ridiculous & my wires may be crossed a little, but I remember us seeing Gameface, Chokehold, Inkwell, a post-Frail/pre-Ink & Dagger band called Switched On & we saw Lifetime play the most epic set I've ever seen them perform. It ended when someone stage dove from the balcony & broke some poor soul's neck! (Fuckin' 1990's, man! No rules!)

The trip to New Bedford was a bit of a journey & Dave told the lot of us he'd handle the driving. I remember him coming to pick me up at my parent's house in this car that looked like it narrowly missed the pick for a demolition derby. It was so loud that I could hear it blocks away before he arrived, I hopped in & within :30 seconds of driving down the street I asked him "why is this car so loud dude?" Dave looked at me with a stiff brow & declared "The exhaust system is on its way out. I had to do some work on it. It's fine." "We're gonna make it to the show, though, right?" "Yes, don't worry about it!"

For the next four or five hours the high decibel BUZZZZZZ of the car nauseated us with no reprieve & the emanating, fragrant carbon monoxide fumes were definitely a reason for mounting concern: but we were fuckin' teenagers, man! As far as we were concerned, we were bulletproof. We were getting to this festival come hell or high water. Well, soon after we entered Massachusetts, the mechanical scenario of our chariot went from bad to worse. We hit a pothole & the entire exhaust system had been left somewhere on that New England highway for other motorists to reconcile with. The noise at this point was unbelievable. It sounded like a formula-one car, or a chainsaw through a megaphone. It was LOUD. We were attracting attention.

...and attract attention we did! Dave's gaze broke with the road & into the rear view in a rhythm that could only mean one thing: "We're getting pulled over." Off to the LEFT side of the interstate we pull over. I turn around & see the Massachusetts State trooper shaking his head while he's placing on his hat. The stormtrooper walks like Buddy fucking Revelle up to the driver's side of our derby car. I seem to remember the initial conversation sounding like this:

"I was going to ask you if you knew why I was pulling you over - but instead I'm going to tell you that just on principle I should shred your license! Who pulls over to the LEFT side of the highway!? Step out of the car, NOW!"

At this point we are toast. This cop was not fucking around & the lot of us in this car looked like we stumbled out of a sock drawer (it was the 90's, man!). Dave was wearing a purple BURN shirt & a pair of camouflage cargo pants. It was winter. That is what he was wearing. The conversation that ensued was hilarious: "I'm from Pennsylvania sir. I'm

driving with my friends to see a concert in New Bedford. I didn't have the money to fix the exhaust so I put it back together with duct tape & a PVC pipe. It lasted from Wilkes-Barre until now! I figured it would have held up for the whole trip!" At this point the officer is patting him down & searching his pockets. Any of us HxC/punks coming up know the routine when you're pulled over: it's never "license & registration ma'am/sir" it's "step out of the vehicle" / "where are the drugs?" The cop pulls a drum key from Dave's pocket & insists it's a pipe. At this point Dave is growing noticeably irritated with the cop & tells him "We don't DO drugs. That is a DRUM key, I use it to TUNE MY DRUMS!" The cop simply wasn't having it. "I'm gonna take you guys in. If you don't tell me where you're hiding whatever it is you have, there is gonna be trouble" at this point, he pulls out Dave's chain wallet, which had a stuffed animal (Walt Disney's Tigger) attached to it. The cop takes a look at it & says to Dave "What the hell is this?" Dave looks him straight in the eye, very agitated & says "THAT IS \*TIGGER\*, SIR!"

At this point we are barely able to keep ourselves composed. We start laughing & smirking. The cop gives the rest of us the same rundown. We narrowly made it out of that scene, I think Dave wound up getting legally tangled in the fallout from that scenario for a while, but for the day we were free to forge forward to the show. He was very stand up about it, he brushed off the fact that he was cited so as to enjoy the concert we all desperately wanted to attend. He personally risked a lot trying to get us to the show & it speaks volumes about his character. I'm sure that level of selflessness & love for music & his crew of punks & misfits he rolled with will be reflected in the other stories in this zine. To me, Dave will be crystallized as the loving, snarky-but-good-natured dude commandeering the car through the road trip to the show, exhaust buzzing like a machine gun, setting off car alarms through the streets of New Bedford, Mass. Standing next to each other in the crowd, watching our heroes play on stage, talking about the show, play-by-play in our sleeping bags in a punk house a couple of hours later, soaking up that inspiration & moving forward with it in our own bands & projects.

Bless you, my brother: you will be missed dearly. Haribol.

-Edward B. Gieda III

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## **RIC FLAIR CHOP**

Over the last few years, Dave and Elliott have managed to renew my interest in professional wrestling. So much so, that whenever the WWE would come to town, I would take it upon myself to get us all tickets. It was a fun thing that the three of us could bond over. So, on one random weeknight they had what they call a "house show" in the wrestling world. This is essentially an exhibition for the fans that isn't televised. We got very close seats and in general, a good time was had by all. Dave spent the evening mocking the wrestlers by calling them by their real names and giving long, detailed dissertations to the small children sitting next to us about why they should follow obscure Japanese wrestling promotions. Dave got a bit drunk throughout the night which always tended to make him a lot more "Dave". As we were leaving, he asked why we didn't get seats this close for the next televised show and I had to explain, like a father to his disappointed son, that this would cost hundreds of dollars more. He became visibly dejected upon hearing this and I ended up getting really close seats for the next televised show anyway.

We made our way out to the lobby, preparing to leave, and we ran into a friend who also

happens to be named Dave. I don't think he would mind me telling this story, but to avoid confusion, I'm going to change his name to "Harold". Harold is known be an extremely hyper and jovial person. A great guy, if a bit unpredictable at times. He was also obviously very drunk. So, we stopped to talk for a few minutes and catch up. Now, most people know that Dave could be unintentionally annoying at times. However, he also had a habit of purposely doing really annoying shit when he thought it was funny. He was much more likely to exhibit this type of behavior when drunk. His absolute favorite thing to do was to find someone wearing a hoodie with hanging drawstrings and pull one of the strings as hard as he could in order to mess up their hood so they would have to spend a minute fixing the strings. Dave thought this was the funniest thing ever. He would do it to anyone whenever he got the chance, with no remorse. This night may be the first time he would regret doing so.


While standing next to Harold and half paying attention to what he was saying, Dave decided to do his hoodie string prank. Harold took it in stride and laughed it off. We continued to chat for a few more minutes and I guess Dave didn't get the reaction that he wanted, so he did his string prank again. Again, Harold brushed it off, but was clearly getting a bit annoyed. So, as we were saying our goodbyes, Dave, with his baffling inability to read a situation, pulled on Harold's hoodie string again, this time as hard as he could and said, "That's what you get for wearing a hoodie!" To which Harold replied, "Yeah, well this is what you get for leaving yourself open!" and proceeded to give Dave the most brutal Rick Flair style chop across the chest that I have ever seen either in or out of the ring. The smack was loud and reverberated throughout the arena, but not as loudly as Dave's agonized "ARRRGHHH!" He whined the entire way out to the parking lot as I lectured him about acting rashly without thinking about the consequences. I thought that I might have actually gotten through to him this time, but several minutes later, I found him in the Denny's parking lot, screaming at a stranger for parking in a handicap spot. Well, at least he learned his lesson for a few minutes.

- Jamie Yokavonis



## DECADES WITH DAVE

1. he was convinced he has better hair than me and told me this unprompted, regularly
  2. Insisted I am a hippie (I'm half hippie, thank you very much)
  3. Incorrectly used ellipses to end complete sentences while correcting your grammar ...
  4. Had a lot of rules he imposed upon himself but insisted they are not rules he imposed upon himself, follows them religiously. Is not religious.
  5. Refused to vote because he thought it was somehow better not to
  6. Doesn't understand the concept of the game "Just Dance" but played it anyway, while complaining about it the entire time and hopping up and down (mostly) to the beat
  7. Brought me vegan chili whenever I was sick
  8. Paid for services rendered like rides or help with moving in vegan chili
  9. Believed vegan chili is a universally accepted form of currency
  10. Drove 90mph to Philly in dense fog with no visibility. Would not slow down because he had the "road memorized". Finally relented when everyone was screaming.
  11. Called you "kid". You don't know why you didn't mind, but you didn't
  12. Offered to drive with me to Boston "anytime" to visit my brother because he's moving there and it was breaking my heart
  13. Prefers women's socks and was happy to get a bag of them for his birthday
  14. If Ryo bit you it was your fault. Because Ryo was better than you. Accept it.
  15. FUTBOL!!!
  16. VIKING HERITAGE!!!
  17. NO COATS EVER!!!
  18. SHORTS ONLY!!
  19. There's a hammer in my freezer
  20. I promise there will always be a hammer in my freezer
- Stacey Daywood Manfre

  
**MAY YOU TAKE YOUR  
PLACE AMONG THEM,  
IN THE HALLS  
OF VALHALLA!**  
- STACEY & MARC MANFRE





## A DENNY'S IN FLORIDA

So there we were, 11 of us packed in my 1982 Chevy van, just a seething, unwashed bunch of unsavory punk rockers on our way to Gainesville Fest.

We had yet to traverse the heart of Florida for another 5 hours on our quest to find overnight accommodations, knock over a 20ft tall crucifix on the front lawn of a church with the van's front bumper, or wake up in the middle of a farmer's market, but those are other stories for another time.

Daytona Beach in the off-season is an absolute ghost town. We had been driving for probably 18 hours solid, just about every motel was closed for the season, and we were starving. The only place open in the off-season at 11pm in Daytona Beach to grab a bite was the local Denny's, in which the mass of us had been directed to take up seating in the corner circle, most likely to keep us as far away from the rest of the patrons as humanly possible. The usual protocol was one or two actual meals ordered, along with 11 waters. That's what poor punks did - empty the change in our pockets to order just barely enough to prevent the lot of us from being ejected from the establishment.

I'm sure there were wacky hijinks abound, but for the most part, we were too road-worn and exhausted to make too much of a nuisance of ourselves, and primarily kept to ourselves and didn't give any of the surrounding folks much reason to fuss.

Except these two.

Two young women, dressed to the nines, like they just came from a night out clubbing - or just about to start their night. They couldn't keep their eyes off us, and not in the good way. They complained to the server, with no coyness whatsoever, that the sight of us dirtbags was putting them off, and they wanted us outta there. It was like that restaurant scene in *The Blues Brothers*.

When that wasn't happening, they spent the rest of the time pointing, complaining, making fun, and just being a couple of Karens about the entire scenario.

We decided that we weren't going anywhere fast. We DID originally just want to eat up and go about our business finding a cheap motel room where we could get away with sneaking all 11 of us into, but those plans were suddenly dashed. We were now locked in a stalemate as to which party would vacate the premises first, leaving the other as victor, the Emperors of Denny's that night. This was the hill we were going to die on, goddammit.

But time dragged on. We had even scraped enough together to order another plate of fries to share. Maybe even a dessert. But these two seemed to have their 6-inch stiletto heels dug in, and were immovable. We resigned ourselves to reveling in the possibility that they were actually on their way TO a night out on the town, and we had ruined their hopes of doing lines of blow off the nightclub bathroom sink and hooking up with some rich dealer driving a Porsche 911. We took sufficient comfort in that, enough satisfaction to pack up and head on out.

We gave them one last mile-long stare as we settled the bill (and tipped our server FAR more generously than they probably did), to which they muttered, "Fuckin' scumbags!" or something to the like as we strolled out.

We all sauntered through the back parking lot and tumbled into the stinky tour van, when Eddie and Dave directed me to just pull out front, they would be there in a minute. I figured they either forgot something, or had to use this last golden opportunity of a semi-clean bathroom before we drove for god-knows-how-long to god-knows-where. I did as directed, cranked the ol' gal up and headed toward the front entrance of the restaurant

parking lot.

That's when Ed, giggling like a school girl high on whip-its, ran up and jumped headlong into the open side doors of the van, holding a bundle of clothes. I recognized Dave's purple Burn shirt among those clothes, and immediately got a good idea what was going on.

And there he appeared - Dave running across the front of the restaurant, completely nude except for his sneakers. He went directly up to the window where the 2 bitches were sitting, banged on the window, and proceeded to do naked jumping jacks in front of them, with the two screaming, absolutely disgusted and mortified.

And that was a mantra Dave seemed to live by - if you're not having a great night and feeling a bit down, just pick the shittiest person in the room and ruin THEIR night.

-Don Vee

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## A CONVENIENCE STORE IN VA

June 27, 2007. Dave and I were in a band called Sorrowsun together, and we had just played a show with one of both of our favorite bands, To/Die/For at a club in Va. It was around 3am and we were still about 3 hours from home, we were all exhausted, and some of us had work in the morning, our singer had work at like 7. We stopped at a place similar to Sheetz or Wawa for gas and snacks, everyone was loaded into the car and van.. except Dave. After about 10 minutes our friend Josh volunteered to go inside and see what he was doing.. when they came back out he told us that Dave was inside the store talking to some random guy about water filtration systems, just going on and on. This is the kind of shit he did. I'm not a great conversationalist but I never had to worry about that when Dave was around, he could talk in great lengths about pretty much anything, and if you tried to butt in while he was on a rant you would probably just get told to SHUT UP or LISTEN.

Richard Klinefelter



# THE APARTMENT

At some point in the late 90's to early 2000s, Dave was living in a second floor apartment in Kingston PA. He had recently had a falling out with his roommate, so they both decided to move out. His roommate, who for the sake of privacy, we will call Randolph, was a douche bag and an all around shitty dude who would constantly fuck people over and talk shit about Dave to his friends. At one point Dave had lent me some anime VHS tapes that belonged to Randolph and Randolph wanted them back. But, instead of just straight up asking me or Dave, he would get really sarcastic and passive aggressive about it whenever I was around and say things like, "Ohhhhhh, I reaaaaaaaalllly wanna watch my tapes, but I caaaaaaaaan't because Jamie won't give them baaaaaaaack" in a whiny, baby voice while making a pouty face. So, that's the kind of guy he was. I don't think I ever gave those tapes back.

Anyway, when it was time for Dave to move out, he asked me to come over and help him with some stuff, but when I got there, pretty much all of his things were already gone. We moved a few meager possessions downstairs and then we were just standing around in the kitchen. When I asked him if there was anything else we needed to do, he said that the lease was in Randolph's name, and fuck him, so we needed to trash the place. I agreed, of



course and we set about doing everything we could to destroy the apartment short of burning it down. We threw toilet paper and various bathroom products all over the place. Smashed dishes and glasses on the floor, kicked holes in the walls and broke a window. At one point we even did that thing where you sit in an office chair and try to propel yourself backwards by shooting a fire extinguisher. It didn't work, so we just sprayed the fire extinguisher everywhere. The entire kitchen was covered. It's important to note that we were in our late teens or early 20's at the time and we

were dumb, asshole, punk kids. I would never do this kind of thing today, but at the time, it seemed like a great idea.

So when we finally finished unleashing all of our aggression on this defenseless apartment and were ready to leave. Dave told me to head downstairs and that he would meet me down there in a minute. He had one more thing he had to do. So, I waited on the back steps for about 10 minutes and he finally appeared. When I asked what he was doing up there, he said, "I had to take a shit in the middle of the carpet."

Of course he did, because fuck Randolph.

- Jamie Yokavonis

